

riage and maternity are looked upon as mere trifles. The youth are ever taught to think them of no importance except in cases of money making and popularity schemes. These things are tolerated beneath the searching light of the Gospel, with the opportunity of the knowledge of Christ's redeeming power. Yes, we are reaping what has been sown. We are suffering affliction thereby.

How shall we once more receive God's smile of approval? Repent and pray for peace. Repent from the heart and pray for peace in unwavering faith. "When Christ comes will he find faith on the earth?" Shall we not redouble our efforts in trying to win souls to God through Christ? Win them before they go down in battle unprepared to meet God. Are we educating children to believe that being patriotic destroys the immortality of man, hence removing serious thought of death? Or do we teach them that patriotism gives them a free passport to heaven without other preparations.

God pity us. God help us. Give us repentant hearts, and faith in thee. Give us peace and help us do our part to remove sin from our own land. In Jesus' name.

Hudson, Iowa.

NOT READY

C. H. WETHERBE

Ungodly man you are not ready for the great judgment day. You are not prepared for death, and of course you are not prepared to meet God when he shall have all men stand before him in the last judgment. Can it be that you are such a fool as to believe that if you should die in your sins God is so kind and gracious that he would have his angels take you straight to heaven? If you believe such a thing you are the worst sort of a fool. God has taken a good deal of pains to have a Bible printed, in which he tells everybody that there will be a very great difference at last, even as there is now, between two great classes of people, whom he calls saints and sinners, or righteous and unrighteous. God's Bible says that on the last great day, when all people will be summoned together, Christ will tell all of his righteous people to enter into the joy of eternal life, and then he will say to all of the wicked ones, "Depart, ye cursed, into the eternal fire which is prepared for the devil and his angels." The noted evangelist, Samuel J. Jones, tells of a sheriff who attended his revival services and was almost persuaded, but he did not yield. The next year Mr. Jones was at the same place and he went to see the sheriff, who was dying. He said to him, "Sheriff, they tell me you are going to die." The sheriff sat in his bed, and replied, "Yes, I am going to die, but I am not afraid. I've been in too

many battles to be afraid of this old enemy, death." Mr. Jones afterwards said that he did not know what to do.

There was the man dying, and he knew that the sheriff was unprepared, and so Mr. Jones said: "But how about God? How about the judgment? How about meeting your sins?" The sheriff put his hands before his face, where his lips trembled. Then he exclaimed, "The Judgment! God pity me, sir, I am not ready for the Judgment!" Reader are you ready for that awful day?

Home Circle

TRUTH-TELLING IN CHILDHOOD

Children will probably tell the truth if they are surrounded by an atmosphere of perfect sincerity. But we must discriminate between falsehood and a vivid fancy or fervent imagination in a small child.

Said a wee maiden of three the other day, "I was walking along the garden and I met a wolf, and the wolf wanted to eat up my dolly, but I frightened him away." The little one had heard fairy stories and has mixed them up with the daily occupations of her life.

If a timid child be treated with severity, he may be alarmed and thus led to violate the truth.

If promises made a child are broken he will learn to set a light value on the plighted word.

If the habit of the elders is to prevaricate, to evade, or to exaggerate, the child will learn this in some measure. The only way to teach a child absolute truth is to be always, and everywhere, and continually truthful when with the child.—*Unidentified.*

A DOGS SENSES

A young girl was crossing the Public Garden the other morning upon the main path which crossed the bridge. She was accompanied by a magnificent mastiff, who strode along beside her in the most companionable sort of way, looking up into her face occasionally, as if to remark casually that it was a very fine morning, or to ask if there was anything he could do for her.

The two crossed the bridge together, and finally came to the Charles Street gate. Here the young girl, evidently not wishing to have the care of the dog in the busy streets turned to him and said:

"There, that is far enough now, Marco. You need not go with me any farther, but turn about and go back home."

She did not take her hands out of her muff to point the way, and she spoke as she would to a small brother, in a pleasant conversational voice.

Masco looked at her with his large eyes, then looked across the common, wagging his tail slowly, as tho he were

thinking how very pleasant it would be to go the rest of the way. Finally he turned back to her again, with a movement of his head and eyes asked as plainly as tho the words had come from his mouth: "Please let me go a little farther, it is such a fine morning."

"No, dear: I'm going shopping, you know," answered the girl, explaining the difficulty, as if Marco were human; there'll be crowds of people, and I shall not know what to do with you. But go along, now, there's a good fellow, and I'll be back soon."

Without another word Marco turned and walked back across the gardens. He did not slink away, as some dogs do when sent back, but marched leisurely along with his head in the air, stopped a moment on the bridge to watch the children skating below, then totted on toward Commonwealth Avenue.—*Boston Record.*

HERBERT'S BAD HABIT

"I think it is time you began your hen-coop," said Herbert Crandall's mamma to him one Saturday in May.

"Oh, I don't think I'll begin it today," said Herbert.

"The chickens will be hatched very soon," suggested Mrs. Crandall. "You want to be ready for them."

"Oh, I'll be ready in time," answered Herbert.

"But why not begin it now, at once?" asked Mrs. Crandall.

"I don't know," replied Herbert.

"I do," said his mother.

Herbert laughed. He was a good-natured boy, but he had a very bad habit. He was always putting off everything. He knew that was what his mother meant. She often said to him, "O Herbert, do not put off till to-morrow what you can do today!" And Herbert would sometimes laugh and say, "But, mamma dear, why should I do to-day what I can just as well do to-morrow?"

Out in the barn his big brown hen was setting on twelve eggs. As his mother had said, the chickens might be hatched any day. He was to build a coop to keep the hen in when her little ones were running about the yard.

"Perhaps I will begin today," said Herbert; and then he went out of doors. It was a lovely morning in June, almost as warm as July. It looked so cool and pleasant over by the pond that Herbert thought he would stroll over there before he began his work. When he got there the walk across the field had made him very warm. "I guess I will take a nap first," said Herbert; "I shall work all the better for it." So he stretched himself on the grass and went to sleep. He did not awake until almost dinner-time. After dinner he said to his mother, "I think I won't begin my hen-coop to-day. If I wait until next Saturday,